

baseball in winter by halfwheeze

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Summary:

in which lucas uses dustin as a blanket and dustin does not mind a bit.

baseball in winter

Author's Note:

second fic in the demi god au - the posts about it are in my The Stranger Things Demigod AU tag on tumblr!

It's late winter in Hawkins, Indiana, almost late enough for spring to start. Lucas gets cold pretty easily, and that should make him hate this season of cold darkness and awful rains, but no dice. Really, he loves winter more than any other season, if for its excuses. Instead of having to keep Dustin at arm's length, Lucas leans into him in winter, even right now, leans into him whenever he wants. Dustin is the most naturally warm person that Lucas has ever met in his life, and he loves it more than life itself. Well, maybe not going that far, but he does really like it. Right now, Dustin has his jacket open so that Lucas can lean into his chest, settled in against him easily. Mike is playing baseball today, and while Will could get away with sitting in the front section where girlfriends elbowed even parents away from behind the players, Lucas and Dustin were not so lucky.

Max has a softball game too, today, or Elle would be in the back of the bleachers with the two of them. When Lucas and Dustin attempted to choose which of them would go to what game, Max had told them to "can it, the only one I really want there is Elle." She then made some lewd reference to what would be going on after the game, and it was pretty much decided that Elle would be the only one going on that misadventure. At least it's not raining today; they wouldn't have cancelled baseball or softball even if it was.

"You okay, Luke? You're shivering a little," Dustin asks, voice quiet and careful and right next to Lucas's ear. Lucas shivers for a whole different reason, but he clenches his teeth to keep his silence on that particular matter.

"Back of my neck is catching wind a little, I think," Lucas answers, which is honest. One would think that with all of the powers of the sun inside of himself, Lucas would be able to keep his own self warm, but his godly parentage didn't allow him even that. Instead, he can

sing someone into healing and hit a dime from twenty feet with a *slingshot*, but nothing useful, not like Dustin. Dustin radiates heat like a space heater, which he does now. Lucas watches the focus on his face as he communicates heat from the center of his body outward to his arms, letting the fire inside of himself stoke outwards. Lucas finds himself smiling, and doesn't catch himself soon enough to stop before Dustin opens his eyes.

"Better?" Dustin asks, eyes wide in that way he gets when he cares so much about people, and Lucas nods. Dustin grins and Lucas finds himself relaxing again, looking to the game just as Mike comes up to bat.

"Go Wheeler!" he yells, not realising it's in unison with Dustin until after, making the two of them grin at each other. They watch as the pitcher loads it up, hauling back to throw the ball faster than any projectile object has any sense to be going in a *game*. Mike swings the bat just as dramatically fast, hitting the ball at what seems to be a perfect angle, because it fucking *flies* out of the park, somewhere in the sweet spot between second and third base, and all of the players on the field are off like a jet. Those on Mike's team are running around the bases, clearing out for Mike, who hits each base like it's nothing; Lucas doesn't even fucking *like* baseball, and he's screaming, yelling at this fantastic hit.

"Go, Mike, fucking run!" Dustin is yelling right next to Lucas's ear, and Lucas doesn't even care, almost sitting all the way up in his excitement. By the time the other team retrieves the ball, Mike is the only one even on a base anymore, kicking it on third, and he seems to make a quick mental calculation before he's booking it home. Lucas and Dustin are both standing by the time Mike slides home, and Lucas doesn't even think about it before he yanks Dustin closer to him, planting a kiss on his lips. There isn't even a moment before Dustin is kissing him back, warm like a campfire and just as bright. Lucas is the one to pull back, because he shouldn't have kissed Dustin out of the blue, but he doesn't regret a second of it.

Instead of asking him questions, or freaking out, or doing anything Lucas would expect of Dustin, Dustin just smiles his widest smile, holding Lucas close enough that he can feel the radiating heat. It should be awkward, standing on bleachers, close enough to kiss

again, after just having kissed for the first time, but Lucas just feels like an electric charge, about to spark into a fire.

“I’ve wanted to kiss you since we were twelve,” Dustin says, quiet and clear, colored with admiration and affection. Lucas hates the fact that Lucas is the one who kissed him, and yet Dustin is the one to go out on a limb first. He reaches out, hand on Dustin’s hip, and pulls him closer again.

“Bet I’ve wanted to kiss you longer,” he replies, and then he’s pulling Dustin to him, not allowing for a retort. He doesn’t actually want to say how long he’s wanted to kiss Dustin, because he’s wanted to kiss Dustin since before he really knew what kissing was supposed to mean, since before he knew he was a Demigod, since before he knew Dustin was one of the only people like him. He’s wanted to kiss Dustin for longer than he’s known he liked boys at all, and to say that Dustin was his first crush on a really, real person wouldn’t be inaccurate, but he’s not going to tell Dustin shit of that. Dustin can win on the vulnerability scale. He’s always been better at it.

They stop kissing after maybe a minute, sitting again in their former configuration, though now Dustin holds him closer. Lucas isn’t mad about it.

Author's Note:

hope you enjoyed!

you can prompt me for this universe or anything else
on tumblr @halfwheeze!